

THE MESSENGER.

will give a turkey, and Mrs. Judge Thompson another. Clara Judd's father says he will send us a box of oranges; and I promised that you would make us a cake, mother, with chocolate on it as thick as my finger. All the girls are to help; and Judge Thompson says that the grocers will let us have things at cost when they know what they're for. It's just going to be the jolliest kind of a time!

But Tuesday morning the first thing she saw in the 'Tribune' was a paragraph at the head of its city column:

'The young ladies of St. Catherine's Guild of St. Paul's Episcopal Church will give a Thanksgiving dinner to all the poor children of the city.'

'Why, mother,' she cried, in dismay, 'it says we are to feed all the poor children of the city; and we are only—'

Just then the bell rang. It was Clara Judd, Louise Carr and Bess Norton, all out of breath. 'Oh, Nell!' they gasped, sinking into chairs and panting hysterically.

'Yes,' exclaimed Nell, 'I saw it in the 'Tribune.' It's just too bad—they've spoiled it all. Why don't these newspapers get things right?'

'But it is right!' panted Clara.

'All the poor children?' gasped Nell. 'Why what—how—'

'Major Carr did it—he and papa—this morning. They just went to every baker and grocer down-town and asked what they would give. And McKay & Beach are to send a barrel of apples, and Wade Brothers are going to give all the potatoes.'

'And Burke will give fifty mince and pumpkin pies, chimed in Bess, and a hamper of buttered buns. And Ogden will bake all the turkeys for nothing—there's fifteen promised already!'

'And they've chartered Grand Army Memorial Hall,' cried all three at once; 'and the dinner's to be there!'

'But who's to pay?' faltered Nell.

'There's nothing to pay! Everybody gives everything free; hall, heat and light, cooks, dishes, ice cream and cakes. And we're to wear white caps and aprons and wait on the tables. Won't it be fine?'

That was the way it went all day long. When once it was started every one wanted to help. Bags and barrels, crates, baskets and hampers of good things came thumping in at the doors of Memorial Hall, while Norton's bay team and survey full of St. Catherine's girls was flying from morning till night.

Memorial Hall was a sight to see that Thursday! The snowy tables were ranged in the form of a great St. Andrew's cross in the centre of the main floor, with ice cream tables at the ends, and side tables for carving the turkeys and serving the hot things placed conveniently between the arms. The long range in the kitchen roared merrily, with Aunt Serena Gray in command, and all the girls looked pretty as pictures in their dainty uniforms. The boys on our block helped to wait, and had borrowed the white caps, jackets and aprons of the force at the St. Francis Hotel, so that they looked very trim and professional.

Over two hundred ragged waifs, of all colors and nationalities, were seated around the tables, and when all was ready the rector of St. Paul's arose and said: 'Boys and girls, ladies and gentlemen—this is Jimmy Croly's "coo-operative Thanksgiving dinner."'

'Oh, my!' gasped Jimmy, sinking back in his chair.

'True, it is bigger than Jimmy dreamed when he started out; but if it had not been for his suggestion we would not be here now, and many of these that feast to-day

would have gone both hungry and cold. So, for us all, I am glad to say "Thank you, Jimmy Croly."'

Then turning to face the hall, he said, softly and solemnly, yet so that every one could hear: 'And while thanking the lad whose kindly idea grew into this generous feast for the poor, let us also thank the Giver of all good things. Jimmy Croly, won't you ask a blessing on this dinner and all who have a part in it?'

Jimmy caught his breath. He had not heard grace since his mother died. He grew a little pale; and when his eyes shone out as they did when he spoke of his mother.

'Yes, sir,' he said, rising quietly, and turning to the boys and girls, who were already hungrily reaching about: 'Don't begin yet,' said he, 'but bow your heads.'

They all bowed their heads; and Jimmy bowed his, standing there alone in their midst, and began: 'We thank thee, O Lord,' as he had heard his mother begin so many times; but his voice trembled and stopped. He tried to go on, but the words seemed to choke him. Then all at once he spoke out, strong and cheery, 'Dear God, you know all the rest that I want to say better than I can say it; but I mean it with all my heart—for mother's sake. Amen.' Then he sat down.

For a moment there was not the slightest sound in the great hall. Then suddenly some hungry little chap set his teeth into a chunk of turkey with a juicy crunch!

It would have done your hearts good to see how they tucked the turkey and cranberry sauce away under their little belts, and to hear how they shouted when the dinner was over at last and each ragged urchin, with his stomach filled to the verge of repletion for once in his life, was sent away with an orange, an apple, and a great brown doughnut done up in a paper sack! And the remains of that feast fed many a poor family for the rest of that week.

The girls were worn out at the end of the day; but none of them minded that. Nell came home fairly glowing with satisfaction and pleasure. 'Mother,' said she, 'what do you think; Clara Judd's father is going to give Jimmy Croly a place in his warehouse and send him to night school. He's to board at Joe Martin's and sleep with the boys. Mr. Judd says there is a place in the world for a boy who can start such a "coo-operative dinner" as that!'

Thankfulness.

For all that God in mercy sends;
For health and parents, home and friends,
For comfort in the time of need,
For every kindly word and deed,
For happy thoughts and holy talk,
For guidance in our daily walk,
For everything give thanks!

For beauty in this world of ours,
For verdant grass and lovely flowers,
For song of birds, for hum of bees,
For the refreshing summer breeze,
For hill and plain, for stream and wood,
For the great ocean's mighty flood,
In everything give thanks!

For the sweet sleep which comes with night,
For the returning morning's light,
For the bright sun that shines on high,
For the stars glittering in the sky,
For these, and everything we see,
O Lord, our hearts we lift to thee,
For everything give thanks.
—Bright Jewels.

'Clean Money.'

(By Faye Huntington.)

It was a bleak November day; the wind whistled through the evergreen trees at the north side of the farmhouse, and now and then gusts of rain and sleet beat upon the windows. And in the face of this weather Mr. and Mrs. Ames had driven away soon after breakfast.

'It is a bad day for the horses as well as for ourselves,' Mrs. Ames remarked, as she buttoned her mackintosh and drew a waterproof hood over her hat, 'but Mrs. Butler has been such a good friend that we do not feel that we can stay away from her funeral if it is possible to go. I am sorry that the weather and Robin's sore throat will keep the children indoors all day. I hope they will not trouble you too much, but you will have to put up with some noise and considerable litter.'

But Miss Bates, the neighbor, who had come to spend the day and look after things, responded cheerily, 'Oh, we will all enjoy the noise and the litter together!'

'That is a good way to look at it!' said Mr. Ames, tugging at a stubborn overshoe, adding, 'Mr. Miles will see to everything out of doors, so you will only have these youngsters to keep within bounds!'

By three o'clock the children were tired of toys and games, tired of staying indoors, and I suspect tired of home without father and mother. It was then that Miss Bates said:

'Can't we have some pop-corn?'

'Indeed we can!' returned Robin, and Karl and Lucy scampered off to the woodhouse chamber to bring the corn. Then for a time the shelling and the popping went on, while the trio kept up a series of joyful exclamations at the wonderful results of Robin's vigorous shaking over the glowing coals. Miss Bates in her corner by the west window, enjoyed the frolic and read the 'Temperance Advocate' by snatches. Presently there was a sound of quick steps in the little back entry, followed by the rustle of shaking umbrellas; then the door opened, and without ceremony a boy a year or so older than Robin and a girl about Karl's age came in.

There were joyful greetings, and soon the heaped-up bowl of snowy corn was set on the table, and they all gathered about for a feast. While Lucy and Karl entertained the younger visitor, the two elder boys chatted, and all together they made heavy inroads upon the pop-corn.

'Did you raise much pop-corn this year?' asked the visitor.

'Well, you just ought to go up into our woodhouse chamber and see the strings of it all braided up!'

'I planted a piece, but it didn't do very well, though my field-corn turned out first-rate.'

'I told father of the offer your father made to plough and plant and cultivate and give you the crop if you did the hoeing and harvesting, and he said he would do the same for me. And I have seven bushels of nice corn.'

'Why, that's good! What are you going to do with it?'

'Oh, sell it, of course! Father went to see Norton yesterday about selling his crop, and I suppose mine will go with the rest. He will give sixty cents, that will be four dollars and twenty cents. I think that is pretty good, and it will help out on my Christmas money!'

Fred Smith, the visitor, looked troubled, and he spoke hesitatingly. 'Robin, don't you know that Norton buys corn to make whiskey of?'

'Why, no—he is not a whiskey man. I